DREAMINGS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
Beneath the Heaven of thine."

The young moon sweetly floats
Across the blue and silent seas of Night;
And from afar some lonesome song-bird's notes
Die on the misty light.

My cheek burns with a glow
From olden fires—and tears rush to mine eye,
For I am on the earth—mid change and woe—
And thou art in the sky.

Roses that bloom to fade,
Birds whose sweet songs are hushed in storm and chill,
Lights that are quenched in tears or midnight shade,
All these are round me still.

But thou—canst thou not see
The *nearer* glory of each burning star?
Art thou not winged with light, and blest and free,
Where all things lovely are?

Were I to call on thee
Till my voice failed in my lonely heart,
Say, would one echo ever float to me
From where I know thou art?

Might I not wander o'er
Each league of earth, each deep wave of the sea,
And search the beauty of each storied shore
In vain—in vain for thee?

Could I climb thro' the clouds,
As the pale moon climbed on thy bridal night,
I'd go to meet thee mid the radiant crowds
That throng each starry hight.

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CLAUDE FRESNE.

BY CORA BELL.

On the borders of the forest of Marfaux, near the town of that name, and distant thirty-two leagues from Paris, stands a substantial, old-fashioned mansion, half chateau, half farm-house. It is built in the quaint Norman style of architecture, encireled in a little domain of fields and orchards, and sheltered from the dusty highroad by a belt of tall, shadowy trees.

Chateau Fresne was part of a fief that belonged to a family, who, though not noble, had for generations occupied the rank of landed proprietors, and had originally owned as many acres as they could survey from its tall, narrow windows, but the last head of the family, a gay, dissipated man, had lost all by gambling; and even this humble portion of a once princely estate his widow had only been permitted to retain during her life. Worn out with sorrow, Madame Fresne died while yet in the prime of life, and her two children were left destitute of even a home. The walls of a neighboring convent offered an asylum to the girl; and the son, who had studied for the law, prepared a few weeks after his mother's demise, to set out for Paris, with the view of completing his legal studies.

His mother's grave—the grassy fields—the gardens, with their moss-grown walks—the fountain in the forest, by whose brink he used to spend long hours in dreamy reverie—every familiar haunt—every nook of that loved home was visited for the last time, then Claude Fresne took his portmanteau from the hands of old Antoine, and embracing with dutiful affection this faithful servitor, mounted his horse and rode away.

The summer's sun shone brightly through the branches of the forest trees, that bent over the path as the youth galloped lightly on, from time to time bending gracefully in his seat to avoid a blow from their luxuriant boughs. It was a lovely morn, the air was crisp and dry, the blue sky unrippled by a single cloud, and the birds sang pleasantly as they hopped from twig to twig. The youth himself was one right pleasant to look upon, with a frank, ingenuous countenance, and a quick, sparkling eye, in which an observer might have detected a spirit rather too prompt to resent a wrong, but for the sweet smile that played about his full, good-humored lips. Even his garb, though somewhat coarse and rustic, could not disguise the fair proportions of a figure singularly light and graceful.

The young man reverently removed his cap, as he alighted before the walls of the St. Madeleine, and in a few moments was clasped in the arms of a young girl, whose features, though softer and more beautiful, bore a too decided resemblance to his own not to warrant the supposition of their being brother and sister.

"And you are going, dear Claude," murmured the young lady, tearfully.

"Yes, dear Lusette; but fear not, I will return soon, or send for you. Promise me, my sister, that you will not grieve, and I will face the world more bravely."

With mingled tears and smiles the sister promised. She cut off one of her shining, brown curls, and proudly fastening some holy relic round his neck, she kissed him again and again, then stood waving her white hand at the little wicket of the convent till he was out of sight.

Making a sudden detour in his course, the young man now patted his horse's neck, and the sagacious animal, as if obeying a well-known signal, trotted lightly up a little green lane, at some distance from the convent, whose gray walls were still visible through the trees. The youth alighted, unlatched a little gate sunk in the wall, and followed demurely by his steed, entered a well-kept pleasance, or flower-garden. Parterres of Flora's choicest treasures rose out of the mossy turf, and clumps of orange and myrtle were interspersed with peach and plum trees, which, laden with ripe fruit, bent over the paths.

Claude, followed by his horse, who skillfully kept on the broad, graveled walk, bent his steps to a little rustic arbor, at the top of the garden. He had hardly seated himself, when a young girl started from behind the trees that encircled it.

She certainly was not city bred, or she would not have exclaimed with such charming *naivete:*

"Oh, Claude, I have been tired to death waiting for you!" A confession which the young gentleman immediately took advantage of, by putting his arms round her and kissing her rosy cheek in the most impudent manner, and which we regret to say was only resented by the lady's blushing and sitting down beside him.

"I have to crave your pardon, dear Julie," said the youth, and he took prisoner one of the little hands that played with the ribbands of her straw hat, and gazed fondly in her face; "but I had so much to do. This is my last day, you know. Nay, dear one, no tears now; remember, I will soon come to claim this loved hand," and he rapturously pressed it to his lips.

Though not, perhaps, what a connoisseur in female beauty would call lovely, Julie de Charente was certainly as fascinating a young lady as ever inspired a lover's raptures. How shall we describe her? She was not very tall, or very sylph-like, or ethereal; on the contrary, her brown cheeks were as round and as red as apples; no symptoms of constitutional delicacy were visible in her plump figure, for her tight-fitting Joseph of green silk scarcely confined the swelling luxuriance of eighteen summers; her large, hazel eyes, soft as those orbs always are, yet sparkled with laughing witchery, and would have indicated a joyous spirit even without the rosy mouth, arched like Cupid's bow; and the presence of a nose of that peculiar style termed by the French, *le petite nez retraouse:* that is, one which actually turns up with merriment. Such was Julie's; but where a less entranced vision might behold only ordinary charms, Claude had discovered perfection.

Nearly an hour had passed, and the lovers still sat in that plesant arbor, engrossed in that delightful converse which takes no note of time. It was a charming picture. Claude's arm was round her waist, and her dark eyes were fixed upon his face as if drinking in those eloquent words. The horse, too, made part of it, for he browsed quietly beside them, occasionally putting his huge head into the young lady's lap to eat the handfuls of grass which she held temptingly to his mouth.

"Adieu, dear Julie, and believe me I will work hard until I have gained a competence sufficient to satisfy thy father."

"Ah, dear, excellent Claude, thou must not work too hard," said Julie, bursting into tears. "Remember, dear, Madame Fresne often said you tasked your strength too much."

They parted, with loving words and sanguine hopes, for youth is ever so, and colors the future with its own bright imaginings.

It had been morn when the lovers met, and now the mid-day sun had bathed every object in his glowing beams, when Claude Fresne reined up his horse on the eminence that overlooked the mansion of the Sieur de Charente, Julie's father. The youth took a last look at it, and the convent, whose spire was still visible, and with murmured blessings on the loved ones they contained, he galloped forward. The horse, fresh and strong, bounded rapidly over the road, and he was soon many miles on his journey.

He had traveled for some hours when he suddenly became aware that he had forgotten in the arbor his valise, containing not only a change of clothes but letters and provisions for the road, carefully packed by old Antoine. Though annoying enough to a traveler, the circumstance gave him more chagrin on account of the uneasiness he knew it would give Julie when she discovered it.

The shades of evening were falling, when he overtook a stout, middle-aged man, with a lame leg. The frank, jovial face of the man, was in itself prepossessing; but when Claude saw by his tattered red coat he was a soldier his heart warmed to the veteran. His father had been in the army, and though he had met an untimely doom, when Claude was yet a boy, he reverenced his memory as associated in his remembrance with much that was good and noble.

The old man politely expressed himself glad of the youth's company, and they entered into conversation. He was going, he said, to Rheims, and hoped to be able to reach it before night. Coming to a little sparkling stream, shaded from the road by a clump of elders, Jacques Prevost, as he styled himself, sat down, and invited his companion to share his supper.

Despite of love and philosophy, we feel hunger keenly at twenty. Mentioning the case of his portmanteau, Claude gladly accepted the old soldier's invitation, and dined very heartily from the contents of the wallet. Jacques seasoned his repast with an occasonal pull from a rotund wicker flask; but Claude preferred quenching his thirst from the pure stream that ran bubbling beside him.

They bade each other adieu when they came to an old Roman cross, beneath which a huge sign-post pointed out the road to Rheims, and Claude rode on alone. Lost in thought, he became suddenly aware that a storm was impending; his horse neighed wildly, and presently large drops of rain fell, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Claude looked about for shelter, for the rain now became a downpour, and clap after clap of thunder reverberated overhead. Many villages were in sight, but not knowing the paths that led to them, he saw no way of reaching them, save by trampling the ripe corn and vines, a proceeding that would have subjected him to the resentment of the peasants.

He was about to take shelter in the dense forest which bordered the high road, when he thought he discerned something white gleaming through the increasing darkness. That moment his horse turned by instinct into a narrow path nearly overgrown with grass. A large dilapidated building was now before him. The windows were broken, no gleam of cheerful light was visible, and from the desolate aspect of the place it seemed that no earthly beings dwelt within.

But the storm raged so violently, that, determined to try could he obtain shelter, he knocked boldly with the heavy handle of his riding-whip; but dull, hollow echoes were his only answer. Seeing some outhouses and stables near, he thought he might probably find one open, and was turning away to try, when the door was unbolted, but still left cautiously fastened by a chain. A thin, pale little man, in a dress of worn livery, asked his business; at the same time Claude saw a stern, gloomy-looking face, with a long black beard, appear at one of the lower windows.

"Rest for the night, or shelter till the storm be past," said Claude.

A volley of curses came from the broken window.

"Be gone! we give no shelter to vagrants and robbers."

Claude replied indignantly, but the man looking at him with a stolid and immoveable look banged the door in his face.

Our hero was human; naturally of a warm but affectionate temper, he was easily moved to anger; and now drenched with rain, and tired to death, he was in no mood to submit to such churlish usage; he again raised his whip and let fall a perfect storm of blows upon the stout oaken door, and upbraided the inmates of the mansion in no measured terms for their unhospitality. The moon had now risen, and by its pale beams he saw the face at the window suddenly change its whole aspect—the eyes dilated as if in terror—the lips quivered tremulously. He remained for some moments gazing at him, then the same deep sonorous voice desired the door to be opened. The rigid, ghostly face of the old servant again appeared, and desired Claude to follow a path to the right, and he would find a stable, then to come back.

The youth obeyed, and was fortunate enough to find an abundant supply of hay for his steed. He then followed his conductor into a large gloomy hall. Though in the latter end of summer, it felt cold and damp, and the storm shook and rattled the broken windows with a violence that almost sent them in.

The man kindled up a billet of wood that lay half expiring in the ample grate, and lighting a large iron chandelier overhead, he placed some bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine upon the table. All this was done in silence, and Claude thought, as he looked at his rigid, bloodless countenance, that he had seldom seen a more ill-favored one. However, he soon left the room, and the youth eat his supper, and then taking out his sabre, laid it beside him. The storm still continued, but the fire began to brighten and diffuse a cheerful warmth. The wine, too, was excellent, and he was sinking back in a drowsy slumber, whose last perceptive consciousness was the thought of Julie, when the door opened, and a tall, noble-looking man, still in the meridian of life, but bearing evident marks of ill-health, and mental depression, entered. One glance, though nearly half asleep, and Claude recognized the face he had seen at the window. It was a face to haunt one for a lifetime, lean and gaunt, with dark lurid eyes, in which tropic lightnings seemed to dwell; the traces of fiery passions, too, were visible in the deep furrows of brow and cheek; but there was an expression of such profound misery and anguish visibly stamped on every lineament, that Claude felt touched and interested in the individual before him.

The stranger bowed with a grave stateliness, and motioning Claude, who had risen, to be seated, he regarded him long and attentively, then said, abruptly—

"Where is your mother, Claude Fresne?"

Surprised at the stranger's knowledge of him, the young man answered that she was dead.

A convulsive spasm passed over the man's face.

"Dead! Ah! is she, indeed, gone," said he half aloud, as if speaking to himself.

"Did you know my mother?" said Claude.

"Yes. I am Henri St. Maur."

Claude shook his head as he said—

"I have not heard my mother ever speak of you."

A groan burst from the stranger, and his eyes gleamed wildly for a moment.

"Ah! then you have not been taught to hate me. Your mother was, indeed, an angel. Young man, you see before you a fallen wretch, whose evil passions have wrecked his own happiness as well as that of others. I am that unhappy Count St. Maur, to whom your father gambled away his once stately lands."

"Indeed!" said Claude, coldly. "I have often wished to know the name of him who had treated us so barbarously, but I would not intrude on my mother's sorrows."

"Isabel is gone," said the count, solemnly. "A mortal malady is eating into my vitals. But before I go I would fain expiate my offenses towards her, by the most ample restitution to her children. That I have long intended this, you will find by the date of my will, lodged in the hands of Mr. Lamont, of Rheims. I would fain have asked her forgiveness, but my evil temper would not let me. God has, perhaps, taken pity, and sent you to bestow it on me this night. Listen! but do not reproach me. I loved your mother with a love so deep and passionate that it absorbed every faculty of my soul. I counted madly on her acceptance of that love. She saw thy father—he was a rich plebeian—I, a poor, landless noble. She chose him, and rejected me. I swore revenge. I will not tell you by what arts I compassed the destruction of my hated rival. Suffice it, every faculty of my mind was put in operation. I became that man's evil genius. I courted, soothed and flattered a temper weak, facile, and fond of pleasure. I induced him to enter the army, as bringing him more within my sphere of influence. Gambler, drunkard, soon he required no spur—acre by acre, I or others gambled from him. He forsook his wife, and sold even the home that sheltered her misery. I had become rich; and what he did not lose to me, I purchased from him. In my mad rage I would have driven forth poor Isabel; but a benevolent lawyer obtained a decree for her to hold it during her lifetime. At last, I met thy father a houseless wretch. He upraided me as the cause of his ruin, and struck me. Then I poured out the pent up malice of my heart. While he yet cowered under the shock, we met, and at the first fire thy unhappy father fell."

"Wretch, monster!" exclaimed Claude, starting to his feet. "Why tell me of these things? Had you no heart, no human feelings——"

The count bowed his head upon his hands; when he raised it his gaunt, worn face was wet with tears.

"Oh! spare me. I have been on the verge of insanity, and now the last sands of my life are ebbing away in desolate misery. I would make reparation. Tell me what shall I do. Some prophetic instinct tells me that Isabel has forgiven me, and that I shall soon see her."

Affected by the misery of the unhappy St. Maur, Claude freely extended his forgiveness to him; he also related his own history, and his view in coming to Paris. But on many points he found that the count was already intimately informed, and that he had handsomely provided for Lusette in his will.

After some further conversation, the count rung a small bell that lay on the table, and the same servant appeared.

"Valby," said he to the man, "prepare the chamber next mine for this young gentleman."

The man bowed and disappeared, but not before Claude noticed that he darted a very peculiar look at him.

The count retired, leaving Claude in a tumult of thought. Not seeing Valby return, he opened the door and went to the foot of the stairs; but all was darkness and silence; and thinking the man had forgotten him, he returned, and, too well satisfied with the course of events to grumble at any temporary inconvenience, he wrapped his cloak about him and threw himself across the hearth.

He might have slept a couple of hours, when he was awakened by the stealthy tread of footsteps near him. Almost believing himself still asleep, he started up and groped for his sword, which he had left beside him; it was gone; and, to his consternation and terror, he saw that moment two dark figures glide towards the door. He rushed towards them, but they disappeared, and to his surprise he found the door locked. He listened in anxious suspense, and heard the tread of heavy feet distinctly overhead; then a wild, terrible cry rang out on the still night air. It was followed by another, in which he thought he heard his own name mingled. That moment the moon, clear after the recent storm, gleamed through the window, and he caught sight of a human face peering at him from the outside.

Frantic with generous indignation, for he felt sure the unfortunate count was being murdered, the young man called loudly, and, careless of danger to himself, even threatened vengeance. But all was silent as the grave. Sick with terror, he paced the room, anxiously waiting for the day to break. A dreadful crime had been consummated he felt sure, and he stood tamely there, almost cognizant of the fact. Twice he saw the face at the window, but when he called it disappeared.

Worn out, at length, by fatigue and conjecture, he fell asleep towards morning.

The struggling sunbeams, as they gleamed through the uncurtained windows, awoke him. With a confused consciousness of something dreadful having occurred, he started up. Horror of horrors! his saber, wet with recent blood, lay near him; his clothes and cloak, too, were covered with the same terrible stains!

Believing himself the victim of some foul plot, he caught up his sword, and rushed to break open the door; but it stood open. Like lightning he sprang up the stairs, calling loudly as he went.

Despite of the rapidity of his ascent, gouts of blood met his eyes at every step, and guided by them he proceeded along a wide vestibule, and entered a large chamber to the right. A heavy fauteuil bed, covered with curtains of dark green velvet, stood in a corner. He drew aside the hangings with a trembling hand. It was as he foresaw: gashed and bleeding from several wounds there lay the lifeless body of the unfortunate Count St. Maur.

Notwithstanding his feeble health, he seemed to have struggled hard for life. The eye-balls were dilated, the hair erect and bristling, the hands were clenched, and, on a closer survey, Claude saw a quantity of coarse red hair in one of them, which seemed as if he had torn it from the head of his murderer.

The young man was still gazing in speechless horror on the fearful sight before him, when he turned and saw the grim, white face of Valby behind him.

Hardly looking towards the bed, the man threw himself on his knees, and in the most abject terms implored for mercy.

"Wretch!" said the young gentleman, indignantly, "I am not going to harm you; but tell me, *you*, who has done this atrocious deed?"

But the man refused to look towards the bed, and continued to beg him not to kill him.

Claude Fresne had a clear, vigorous intellect, and he saw at once that the cowering wretch before him had himself murdered, or assisted to murder, the unfortunate count, and wanted to fasten the crime on him.

His resolution was instautly taken: to acquaint the authorities at once with the whole affair.

After a ride of some miles he arrived at Rheims. He went directly to the maire of the commune; but that functionary was not yet up, nor would he receive any communications until after breakfast. Suddenly Claude thought of the lawyer with whom the count's will was.

M. Lamont, the most eminent advocate in Rheims, was easily found; and in a few minutes Claude found himself relating his story to a grave, mild looking man, only a few years older than himself.

"We have drawn up the Count St. Maur's will, young gentleman; and to the purport you speak of," said the lawyer; "it is in our possession—a most correct legal document, properly signed and witnessed; and your knowledge of its existence, which has hitherto been a profund secret, gives the stamp of truth and sincerity to your words. This is indeed a terrible tragedy. With your permission I will take down your report in writing. Think calmly, and do not omit the slightest circumstance."

The lawyer threw open the door of a study. A tall, elderly man was writing at a green desk.

"Darrel, take down minutely what this gentleman says. Excuse me for a few moments."

Mechanically now Claude repeated his story, for the grave, serious face of M. Lamont fell icily on his heart, and for the first time he saw that there was strong presumptive evidence of he himself having committed the murder.

"We will now go," said M. Lamont, "to the procureur of the commune, and make a formal deposition. That done, you must submit to be placed in durance vile, until this dreadful affair is investigated. In the meantime rest assured that your interests shall not suffer in my hands. We lawyers, you know, are bound to defend our clients, guilty or not; but I need not tell you that we are almost always better able to do that when we have an innate consciousness of the innocence of the accused, and which in the present case I feel convinced of."

M. Lamont bowed, and offered his arm so kindly, that Claude felt a choking sensation in his throat. Two hours after he was in the city prison.

But long before the Court of Assizes was held, the fearful mystery was brought to light. A wretched, brutal-looking man, with red hair, was found concealed in an old chalk-pit in the forest. He was recognized as a swineherd whom the count, for a trifling sum, had permitted to feed his hogs in the forest.

This wretch confessed that Valby had bribed him to murder St. Maur, and had brought him through a secret passage into the hall; that they had stolen Claude's saber, and that with it he had killed the count. The first blow missed, and fell on the pillow, only grazing his temple, and on the unhappy man springing up, and uttering the terrible cries that Claude had heard, he threw himself upon him, while Valby held his feet. The red hair in the count's hand exactly coincided, in color and texture, with that on the swineherd's head.

Another witness, too, came forward—old Jacques Prevost. Finding the storm coming on, and his leg paining him, he had retraced his way, and found refuge in one of the stables. In the dead of night he had been awakened by two men opening a trap-door beside him. He heard them plan the murder of some one. He tried to raise the trap-door when they were gone, but could not. He then followed round to the house, heard fearful cries, and looking through one of the windows, saw the young man with whom he had traveled on the road. Was going to speak to him, but was afraid, as he saw lights flashing in the upper windows.

Valby maintained a dogged silence until within a few hours of his execution. He then said he had long harbored the idea of murdering his master, with the view of obtaining some of his money, which he kept in a large cabinet by his bedside. He did not contemplate murdering him so soon, but that he had struck him that morning for some trifling fault, and Claude Fresne having arrived, he thought it the most favorable opportunity. The count's early hostility to the Fresnes being well known, he supposed that the deed would at once be attributed to the young man.

Claude was released, and having seen the remains of the ill-starred Count St. Maur consigned to his ancestral vault, he accompanied M. Lamont to Paris. That gentleman succeeded in rousing his mind from the shock it had received from the late unhappy event. Master of a princely fortune, he gave up the law, determining to devote himself to the cultivation of his estates, and after a short sojourn in the capital, he returned to Chateau Fresne and his beloved Julie.

His marriage with that fascinating young lady followed soon after, on which occasion M. Lamont fell as desperately in love with the fair Lusette as a lawyer is capable of, and in a few months they too were married.

BACHELOR CYNICISM.

The romance of life, says a bachelor author, like all other romances, ends with marriage. The Rovers, Sir Harry Wildairs, Lovebys, and other wild gallants of the old comedies, never appear upon the stage after this ceremony; their freaks are over—their "occupation's gone"—they are presumed to have become too decent and dull for the dramatist. Their loves were a lively romance, their marriage is flat history. The uncertainty of bachelorship unquestionably gives a charm to existence; a married man has nothing farther to expect; he must sit down quietly and wait for death.

THE LAST CATAMOUNT OF MOUNT TOM.

Catamounts were the most formidable wild beasts in our eastern forests, but have long since been exterminated from all parts, except the most wild and inaccessible. The following story, of the fate of the last catamount said to have been ever known near Mount Tom, in Massachusetts, I heard many years ago, as it had been handed down by tradition, from an early period, which I have never been able to determine with precision. Mount Tom is that bold and conspicuous eminence which rises opposite Mount Holyoke, below Northampton, from the bank of Connecticut River, and the rich and extensive meadows which here border it on the west.

Two men were walking in the woods, unarmed and thoughtless of danger, when a noise in a tree attracted their attention; and they discovered a large catamount among the branches, crouched and just ready to spring, with his eyes fixed upon them. Although greatly terrified, knowing by report the formidable nature of the savage animal, they had presence of mind enough to act according to directions they had heard from practised woodsmen; and, instead of attempting to run away, stopped, turned about and looked the wild beast in the face. They soon found their anticipations realized: for they had been told that the catamount springs only when unobserved; and in this, indeed, he resembles the leopard of Singapore, the tiger of Bengal, and most or all other animals of the cat kind. After looking at him for some time, as he stood in the tree, having risen from his crouching posture, (which he always takes preparatory to a leap,) the men began to walk slowly away, hoping that he would allow them to depart. But in this they were disappointed, as he immediately drew himself down again, ready for a spring. This experiment they repeated several times, and always with the same effect; when they agreed that one should remain watching the animal, and that the other should take his knife, and cut two heavy clubs, for weapons to defend themselves. This was accordingly done, and each was armed with a long and strong stick of walnut, cut from a young tree near at hand. By concert, then, they began to walk away backwards, side by side, but with their eyes fixed steadfastly on those of the animal. He watched them closely for a moment; and then, seeing that they would soon be beyond his reach, he drew himself down and sprang for them. They instantly stepped apart, leaving the space of a few feet between them, where he fell upon the ground; and, before he could recover himself, the clubs struck him with all the force the men could give them. But, to their surprise, the blows produced but little effect. The powerful animal appeared to be unhurt, although somewhat embarrassed by their strokes, which they repeated, with all the celerity and force they could. They aimed at his head, which they hit over and over, applying their clubs with vigor, and encouraging each other; while the catamount made desperate efforts to reach and seize them, one after the other. They succeeded in preventing this; but that was all they could, for a long time, accomplish. At last one of them accidentally struck him on the small of the back, when, for the first, he seemed to shrink under the blow. This was sufficient to convince them, of what they ought to have known before, that the heads of animals of the cat kind are almost invulnerable by blunt weapons, being exceedingly strong and muscular. They then aimed at the back, and soon disabled him.

The animal was one of uncommon size, and the last ever killed, or heard of in that region. T. D.

THE "GOLDEN AGE" A HUMBUG.

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.

The stream of time is the only one that can be navigated both ways; there is no steamboat that can work against wind and tide, and carry a passenger or a letter back to the fountain-head of events, or even to the last landmark that we passed in our voyage to the great ocean of Eternity. To say the truth, we have no respect whatever for that solemn bugbear, that shadowy quack, yclept Antiquity; and as to the "good old times," of which everybody talks so much and knows so little, which, like the horizon, keep flying farther backwards as we attempt to approach them, we suspect that if we could once pounce upon them and subject them to our inspection, we should find them to be the very worst times possible. The golden age is as much a fable as the golden fleece, or, if reducible to some rude elements of truth, they would not be much more magnificent than the celebrated Argonautic prize, which, divested of its poetical embellishments, was nothing more than an old sheepskin stretched across the river Phasis, to catch the particles of ore that were rolled down by its waters. This cant is regularly transmitted from generation to generation, and may be traced back to the revival of literature; so that if there be any truth in the tradition, this past millennium must have flourished in the dark ages, and have expired without leaving a record of its existence. It is flattering to human pride to indulge in reveries of former happiness and perfection, because they infer a probability of their future recurrence; hence it is, that, not content with assigning a higher moral stature to our ancestors, we cling to the belief of their gigantic proportions, despite of the evidence of history, of skeletons, and of Egyptians embalmed many centuries before our era, who must have been a very diminutive race, unless they have shrunk terribly in the pickling.

FRAGMENT OF ANTIPHANES.

Antiphanes was a Greek comic poet who flourished in the time of Alexander the Great. The following is a translation of one of the few fragments which remain of his comedies, with some little aculeation and completion by the aid of later and better light. This liberty, however, has only been taken in the closing lines. In the first part, the thought is literally preserved. The object of the poet was to check excessive sorrow for the death of beloved friends.

"Mourn not, with hopeless grief, the dead.
They are not dead; they have but past
On the same road which all must tread—
Which we ourselves are treading fast,
Before us to the common home
Of all, past, present, and to come.
Brief is the parting we deplore;
They can to us return no more;
But we shall go to them, and see
The congregation vast, Time's progeny,
By death devoured as they came to birth:
Then all the good and pure who dwelt on earth
Shall meet in happier climes above, and share
An endless life of joy together there."

A STRIKING DIFFERENCE.

Maitre Jean Piccard tells us, that when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, and trying different expedients to produce a tear, such of the neighbors as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him another wife. Six weeks after, says Maitre Jean, I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another.